

The Rev^d. John Black, resided at Woodbridge, for many years, & died Augst. 30th. 1813, in the 59th. year of his age. He was Rector of the Church of Bletby 1789; & of Ramsholt in 1807. These were the only preferments he had in the church. He was a good classical scholar, & possessed a considerable share of poetic talent.

He was author of the following works, besides this,

1. The Conjunction of Jupiter & Venus in Leo on the 20th Sept. 1801, a happy prelude to a prophetic Race. a Poem. 1801. 8^o.
2. The Free School, a Poem. 1801. 8^o. This came to a 2^d. Ed.
3. A Sermon on the death of the Rev^d. Geo^d. Carter, of Woodbridge 1791. 4to.
4. The Gamine of Jamaica: 1795. 4to.
5. Poems. 1799. 8^o. To these is prefixed his Preface.
6. The Well of Innocence, a Vision. 1795. 4to.
7. Solitary Musings in Verse, 1799. 8^o.

Mr. Black was elected Master of the Free School at Woodbridge, by one party, while another chose the Rev^d. Peter Litching. This was in 1800, on the death of the Rev^d. R. Dye. Mr. Black was however forced to retire.

Mr. John Black one of the officers of the Lady Anne; the printing on board which ship he published a Narrative of, (see the advertisement at the end of this) was the eldest son of Mr. Black.



5.
Political Calumny Refuted:

ADDRESSED TO THE
INHABITANTS OF WOODBRIDGE,

CONTAINING,

An Extract of a Sermon,

PREACHED AT BUTLEY, ON THE FAST-DAY,
1793:

A SERMON,

Preached at OTLEY, on the Day appointed for a General
Thanksgiving, on account of our

NAVAL VICTORIES:

AND SOLITARY MUSINGS,
(IN VERSE)

On the BEING of a GOD,
Providence,
AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By the Rev. John Black,

Ipswich:

Printed and Sold by John Bush;

SOLD ALSO BY G. G. AND J. ROBINSONS, LONDON: R. LODGE,
AND W. ALEXANDER, WOODBRIDGE:
AND T. BUSH, YARMOUTH.

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TO THE
INHABITANTS OF WOODBRIDGE.

IN consequence of my having mentioned my intention of standing a Candidate for the Mastership of the Free Grammar-School of this Town, now vacant by the death of the REV. MR. DYER, I find efforts have been made to calumniate my character, and represent my principles as hostile to Government, with a view to render me obnoxious in the eyes of those who have it in their power to elect: in order therefore to refute these illiberal and ill-grounded aspersions, I beg leave to submit to your perusal some specimens, in verse and prose, of what I have written and taught during this eventful period; by which you will be able to judge for yourselves, what my principles really are. The first specimen I shall submit to your perusal, is an extract of a Sermon preached at BUTLEY, in the year 1793, on the first Fast-day after the commencement of the war:

The second, a Sermon, preached at OTLEY, on the day appointed for a general Thanksgiving for our NAVAL VICTORIES in 1797:—

These Sermons, having each of them served for the purpose of its respective day, had gone to rest with others of their cobwebbed brethren, and never would have been dragged into light but for the present calamity; they are therefore entitled, and I hope will meet with every indulgence from those who are the best able to appreciate the merits of literary composition.

The history of the Verses is this: one morning last spring I had left my cottage of care and the bedside of my afflicted Wife, who has now been confined for nearly two years with a painful and lingering disorder, for which there seems no remedy, and had walked out along the side of the river at high water.—The scene was delightful.—I felt myself elevated by it above this diurnal sphere.—I endeavoured to arrest the fleeting ideas which crowded in quick succession through my mind, by embodying them in rhyme. I returned again and again to my favourite haunt; and soon composed many hundred lines, following merely the guidance of feeling and fancy, in these Solitary Musings.

I was insensibly led by a concatenation of ideas

to think of the French Revolution. It is a subject so important in the annals of mankind, that, like Aaron's serpent, it quickly swallows up the rest. It fixed my attention for a much longer time than I either wished for or intended. But if the unpollished fragment which I now publish, and which is but a small part of what I have written, should meet with your approbation, as the genuine effusion of my sentiments, I shall have no reason to regret that it occupied my mind so long.

Whatever may be the event of my present application to you, these documents will serve to show what those sentiments are, for which a man at the present period, is calumniated, and cruelly thrust back, and baffled in his endeavours to procure for himself and family a hard earned, and scanty subsistence.

CREDITE POSTERI!

John Black.

WOODBIDGE,
OCTOBER 18, 1800.

EXTRACT OF A SERMON,

PREACHED AT BUTLEY, ON THE 19TH. OF
APRIL, 1793;

Being the Day appointed for a General Fast.

”**T**IME would fail to enumerate half the advantages, civil and religious, which we enjoy under a mild Government, and a well-poised Constitution.....No dreadful Bastiles rear their gloomy front in this free country....these graves of the living, where wretches were shut up, without trial, often without knowing the crime which was laid to their charge. An overflowing flood of public fury has, at last, in a neighbouring nation, swept these prison houses away: but alas! it has, also, swept away the palaces of Kings, of Nobles, and of Bishops:... it has swept away the temples of God, and every thing fair and flourishing.

The overflowing of ungodly men made this nation, also, afraid: the flood began to rage and swell, and threatened to sweep the fair fabric of our Constitution from its base. In such a deluge, what ark could have saved us, if the

fountains of the great deep had been broken up, and all the mounds and banks of law and justice broken down? From such a calamity, I trust, we are now safe. Every man seems to agree, that an overthrow of the Constitution would be madness in the extreme. But the sword of war is unsheathed, and the prospect of its dreadful consequences presented to our view. The most successful, the most glorious war, is attended with innumerable calamities. Every victory costs much blood, and many tears. Commerce, in the mean time, languishes, and additional taxes become necessary. Unsuccessful war, (and no one can tell the event of war, when it is entered into,) must be doubly calamitous. The convulsive struggles of the French nation, driven to despair, and actuated by an enthusiastic frenzy for what they falsely deem freedom, may still be dreadful! dreadful, perhaps, even to us, and the other nations at war with them, but certainly most dreadful to themselves! Scenes will still be exhibited, it is to be feared, in that devoted country, that will strike the world with fresh horror and amaze;.....at the relation of which, every ear will tingle, every heart become chill. A murderous fiend has lately proclaimed, (and been applauded for it,) that "blood must flow in copious streams; that, on the same day, at the same hour, in every city, in every

village, the heads of those whom he deems traitors, but who are, perhaps, the best men in the nation, must roll in the dust." Merciful God! what a bloody idea! But while thy judgments are abroad in the earth, shall not the inhabitants thereof learn righteousness?

What an awful warning is that distracted nation to every kingdom upon earth! a warning, first, how they offend God by national wickedness; and, next, how they rashly break down established forms of government.

France has long been remarkable for luxury and vice, irreligion and immorality, despotism and wretchedness. Their government was bad in the extreme; and superstition and atheism usurped the place of pure religion, which persecution and bloody massacre had banished from the land.

A reform was certainly wanted, both in their religion and government: but the passions of men have been hurried away from revolution to revolution; and, instead of the fair form of liberty, which the wise and good amongst them,(and God forbid we should not believe that there are wise and good in every nation)....instead of the fair form of liberty which these

hoped to find, and wished to embrace, they have found the Demons...Discord and Anarchy; all has been misrule, injustice, cruelty, and wretchedness. *They have polluted themselves with blood,.....they respected not the persons of the priests,.....they favoured not the elders.*

They had enemies, it is true, within and without;....enemies, it cannot be denied, to every form of free government. These might, in some measure, increase the evil, and hurry them on from one stage of fury to another, till, in the presumption of their enthusiasm, and infatuated with unlooked-for success, they thought of operating revolutions throughout the world.

They who had but just acquired the exercise of speech, began to think themselves wiser than their teachers, and boasted that they would give liberty to England!

The liberty of England, my countrymen, is not a gourd, that grows up in a morning, and withers away by noon:.....it has grown up through ages, like the oaks of our island,.....hardy and strong as they."

A SERMON,

Preached at OTLEY, on the 19th. December, 1797; being
the Day appointed for a general Thanksgiving, on
account of our

NAVAL VICTORIES.

Psalm xxix,—Verse 10:

THE LORD SITTETH UPON THE FLOOD: YEA,
THE LORD SITTETH KING FOR EVER.

THE author of this psalm calls upon the mighty, the potentates and rulers of the earth, to give glory to God, whose omnipotence is manifested by the tremendous war of the elements. "Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty, give unto the Lord glory and strength. The voice of the Lord is upon the waters, the God of glory thundereth, the Lord is upon many waters. In his temple doth every one speak of his glory. The Lord sitteth upon the flood: yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever. The Lord will give strength unto his people, the Lord will bless his people with peace."

The psalm was, no doubt, written as a song of praise, after some dreadful tempests had roused and alarmed the minds, not only of the Israelites, but of the surrounding nations. The author wishes to impress them with the idea,

that the most awful scenes which they beheld, whether by sea or land, were under the inspection and direction of the Almighty. And, while he is doing this, in the most sublime and appropriate language, he naturally slides from the literal to the figurative style. Many waters and floods frequently, in Scripture, mean many people or nations. We are not, therefore, to consider the words of the text merely in the literal sense, as descriptive of the power of the Almighty, in regulating the winds and waves; saying to the sea, hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther; but, also, as sitting King among all the nations of the earth; ruling, restraining, rewarding, punishing, protecting and relieving them, as his unerring wisdom sees most conducive to the happiness of all his creatures.

*The Lord sitteth King for ever.....*At his command worlds spring into existence, and again are dissolved.....He is the creator and governor of the whole universe, in which this globe which we inhabit is no more, comparatively speaking, than a grain of sand in the largest mountain.

But his Providence is minute as well as extensive; it embraceth creation, and it descends to worlds, to empires, to individuals. The very hairs of our head are all numbered by him.

Since this world, amongst innumerable others, began its revolution, He has watched over the various transactions which have passed upon it: he has beheld the floods, the tempests, the earthquakes; islands rise, and islands sink in the bosom of the ocean. He has beheld the various nations which have spread over its surface, in every period of time. Sometimes they have risen to power and splendor, by simplicity and virtue :....sometimes he has permitted them to become great by the commission of enormous crimes :.....but the Lord remaineth King for ever :....he makes the wrath of man to praise him :....from the crimes of the wicked, he can bring forth good. Wars themselves, however the subject of regret to the christian and the philosopher, have frequently been the means of producing much benefit to society. The thirst of plunder and rapine has extended the commerce of the world, and greatly multiplied the comforts of life.

Let us, then, comfort ourselves, at all times, with the consideration, that though the waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly, yet he that sitteth on the water-floods is mightier. Whatever combinations are formed against us, if the Lord be on our side, we shall laugh them to scorn.

But alas! we are always partial judges in our own cause :...the quarrels of nations, as well as those of individuals, generally arise from faults on either side ; yet each, on drawing the sword, have been in the habit of appealing to heaven for the justice of their cause :...and each have sung praise to God after victory. It by no means follows, however, that either side are always hypocritical and insincere. They may think themselves right. In their heart and conscience they may believe, the war in which they are engaged, both just and necessary : and the decision must be left to HIM who sitteth King for ever. If a man, from good motives, draws his sword, even in a wrong cause, the sin will not be laid to his charge. Whatever sin there may be, it must rest with those, in whose hands fleets and armies are mere instruments to execute their pleasure. And though *wars and fightings*, as the apostle observes, come of our *lusts*, our pride and ambition, the desire of conquest, and our eagerness to enforce our own particular opinions, either in regard of religion or government, yet the warrior may be, and often is, animated by the sublimest virtue.

The man who resigns the peaceful enjoyments of life ; endures toil, fares hard, and risks his life for the safety of his country, is a

virtuous man, and entitled to the grateful acknowledgements of his fellow subjects or citizens, whatever be the cause in which the rulers of his people have involved the nation.

The war, in which this country has been at the expence of much treasure, and much generous blood, unhappily so long engaged, has divided the sentiments of the people, as to its justice, its necessity, and policy; but there can be but one opinion as to the conduct of our fleets and armies:.....they have deserved our highest praise, and sincerest gratitude.

We are this day called upon to unite in thanksgiving, to HIM who sitteth upon the floods, and remaineth a King for ever, for the success with which the gallant efforts of the hardy sons of the ocean have been crowned..... For this success, there are few, I believe, but feel a glow of gratitude; and willingly join in the religious triumph:.....in such a triumph as is consistent with the followers of the PRINCE OF PEACE, whose precepts breathe love and good will to all the human race. God forbid that Britons, that christians, should ever feel a barbarous joy,....a joy such as fiends themselves might feel, that so many of the enemy have fallen in the fight; every one of whom had re-

lations and friends, to whom he was dear. God forbid that we should ever rejoice, merely because the eyes of so many of those who inhabit the countries with which we are at war, have been filled with tears :...No. These are the evils of war which we deplore, as well as the loss of our own brave countrymen, whose lives and wounds have been the price of victory.

The joy we feel, is for the safety and peace, which we trust these victories have a tendency to procure. For the protection which we may reasonably presume our fleets will be enabled to afford to these islands, in case of an attempt to invade us. For the hope we entertain, that the horrors of war will not be spread over this country. For the confidence, which the vigilance, the skill and valour of our seamen, as well as the present state of the navy, which far surpasses what any country, even this, ever had before, unite to inspire,...that no foreign power will be able to interfere with the form of our government.

This island has been the theatre of many a bloody fight in former times : and the natural richness and fertility of it have invited many legions of hungry invaders. More than thirty times within the records of history has it become

the prey of these invasions, and had its government, its laws, its customs, compleatly changed; nay, sometimes the inhabitants themselves entirely driven from their possessions.

But on all these occasions the means of defence were small, and the divisions among the inhabitants violent. At present, our attitude of defence is awful to our enemies. We are clothed with thunder. Our ships are a wall of fire round about us; and there are men innumerable among us, who are firmly persuaded, that *the contest is for more than gain or glory*:—men who are ready to sacrifice their all, their lives and fortunes, for the safety of the state, and the defence of their country.

We have been, we still are, it cannot be denied, a divided people. Many disapproved of the war on its commencement, as an unjust interference with another nation, who, it was contended, had a right to choose their own form of government, and regulate their own internal affairs.

Many have wished, and still wish for a reform in Parliament; and complain, that the burthens of the people have been increased, and

their liberties abridged. Some, no doubt, as in all countries, when the public mind is strongly agitated, are desirous of change, merely from their love of novelty; and some perhaps flatter themselves that in case of a violent storm, the waves violently swelling and dashing against each other, they might become the shining foam on the surface.

But nothing can be worse founded than an opinion, thrown out by those who threaten to invade us, that they will find friends among ourselves. Those who opposed the war as an unjust interference with their government, must, to be consistent with themselves, condemn a foreign force invading their own shores to produce a change of Government.

Those who wish for a reform of Parliament that it may more effectually promote the interest of the people, and have an inseparable union with them, can on no grounds wish success to an invasion, which, however it might be expected as the reaction of our own conduct, is intended by those who have planned it, not only to revenge their own cause, by humbling the pride of our Government, but also to crush our commerce, and raise themselves upon our ruin.

A foreign power could have no mutual interest, no fellow feeling with a real patriot:— With a man who arraigns the conduct of those in power, not merely to support a party out of place, but from a full conviction that the measures are injurious to the general welfare. Such a man may lament that his voice has not been listened to, but he will never raise his arm, to plunge it in the bosom of his country, because she has been misled.

Men there are, no doubt, and such was Shemei of old, who have no principle, no love for their country, no respect for individual men, but only consult their own interest, worship the rising sun, and idolize those in power; who would follow an unfortunate King, when fleeing from his rebellious subjects, with curses, and cast stones at him; and, on a reverse of fortune, be the first of all Israel to lick the dust off his feet, when returning again, reinstated in power.

These considerations warrant the belief, that few, very few indeed, of the inhabitants of this country, would make common cause with an invading army: and these would consist of the volatile, half informed, lovers of change; of the ambitious, who wish to fret their hour upon the public stage; and those selfish detest-

able wretches, who always, destitute of principle, only study to follow in the train of the strongest side.

Men, of all other descriptions, however opposite in their sentiments, as to the best forms of government, as their views are virtuous, would have one common bond of union:....the independence of their country. To this tie, I doubt not, in the hour of trial, every other sentiment would give way:....because, without independence, no freedom can exist.

This country has been the cradle of liberty, which has been rocked by many a storm, but has grown up healthy and strong amidst the strife. The sun of French liberty, whatever splendor it may arrive at, when it has gained the meridian, has hitherto shone, with broken and irregular radiance, equally glaring and terrific, through clouds of blood.

Let us not, however, be too confident of our situation; of our superior navy, and strength; of the native valour and union of our countrymen. Let us not boast too much of our present, or former victories:....we have still to contend with a great and terrible foe, which has broken in pieces and shattered the most mighty armies

of proudest monarchs. Let us not, then, be high-minded, but fear:....let us rejoice with trembling.

I do not mean that we should fear, or tremble, like cowards, who are afraid to look danger in the face; but that we should not trust in the arm of flesh: that we should not consider the contest as decided, but entertain a just sense of our situation, and look up to HIM with awful reverence; *who sitteth on the floods, and remaineth a King, or Judge, for ever.*

HE alone can ascertain the justice of our cause:....HE alone knows the sincerity of our hearts, when we approach him as a nation:.... HE alone knows whether victory or defeat;... peace or war;...favours or frowns;...prosperity or adversity, will most conduce to our present, or future welfare, as a people; and everlasting happiness, as individuals.

In all our ways, let us acknowledge Him, and he will direct our path:....then shall we not be afraid of sudden fear, nor of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh;...for the Lord shall be our confidence, and keep our feet from being taken:

Solitary Musings.

A LONG the banks of *Deben*, I have stray'd,
Full twenty summers, and this scene survey'd:

Oft has it sooth'd my jaded mind to rest,
And tranquiliz'd the tumults of my breast:
Hither I've fled, when goaded to despair,
The calm delights of solitude to share:
Here have I sigh'd, and wept, and laugh'd alone,
And felt Devotion stifle ev'ry groan.

Sometimes the Muse has met me on my way,
And thrill'd my bosom with a simple lay,
Soft as the minstrel's, mongst the reeds conceal'd,
Whose purple tops to zephyrs bending yield:
Unseen he sings, his brooding mate to please,
His sweet low notes, all tenderness and ease:
Ne'er seeks with songsters of the groves to vie—
The lark, alone, his neighbour—hov'ring nigh,
In ether blue, as o'er the mead he sings
His song of rapture, waving gay his wings.—
So have I tun'd my humble artless song,
Unseen, unheeded, as I stroll'd along:
Low as the reed-bird am I doom'd to dwell—
My cup oft fill'd at Sorrow's bitter well;

Yet rain-bow-hope, amidst my darkness rose,
 And tints celestial spread on clouds of woes;
 With sunny beams fair gilded showery grief,
 And cheer'd my heart with promise of relief.

Dear to my eye is Nature's lovely face,
 Whose robe, still changing, clothes her still
 with grace:

Now while I gaze on *Deben's* full-swoln tide,
 Her gorgeous robe floats with majestic pride.
 Smooth as a glass the level surface lies—
 The wide-stretch'd mirror of the mottled skies.
 As fleecy clouds slow o'er the sun's disk creep,
 A purple glory spreads along the deep,
 Light flitting clouds, a never ending train,
 Seem snow-white flocks, that graze the azure
 plain.

What eye, undazzled, can the sun survey,
 Unclouded, beaming with refulgent ray:
 But, veil'd in clouds, his splendors soften'd glow,
 And softer still, reflected from below.

Thou Being, brighter than the cloudless
 sun,
 Whose voice first call'd him forth, his race to run,
 What mortal eye could view with steadfast gaze,
 The burning lustre, which thy face displays!
 But in thy works, we see thy glory shine,
 With soften'd radiance, pleasing, and benign.
 The speckled lizard, and the lowliest flower,
 Proclaim thy Being—thy creative power:

No art of man a blade of grass can form ;
 No power has he to animate a worm :
 Yet man, of all the creatures here below,
 Can most atchieve, as he the most does know :
 Vast is the empire of his ardent mind—
 The strongest beasts his captives he can bind :
 The elements, themselves, he can confine—
 Make fire and water aid his quick design :
 Beneath his hand, a rude, unshapely mass,
 Of sand and ashes, shines transparent glass.
 Of wood and stone, what beauteous structures
 rise :

Wing'd by his art, the ship far distant flies :
 The produce of each varied chime brings home,
 To cheer the heart, and decorate the dome.

Thee, my lov'd Boy, a ship far distant bore,
 'Midst death and danger, to San Pedro's shore.
 A gracious Power averted murder's hand,
 When ruthless ruffians rose, and siez'd com-
 mand—

And in the dark, seditious midnight strife,
 Thy brave commander felt the deadly knife.
 With streaming wounds, beside thee, lay thy
 mate,

As o'er thee hung the uncertain hand of fate,
 And fierce assassins for thy slaughter roar'd,
 While bloody steel thy bed remorseless gor'd,
 To pierce thy heart, but thou hadst haply fled,
 By some kind angel from thy pillow led.

As in thy cabin these dire horrors pass'd,
 And each dread moment seem'd to be thy last;
 Thy state of mind, what fancy can conceive;
 Yet God, still gracious! granted thy reprieve.

With grateful heart, that God I will adore,
 And blessings from him, on thy head implore:
 In Him, who then was thy all guarding shield,
 My hope and trust, for thy return, I'll build,
 'Midst storms and murder, then, you reach'd

the land,
 And kind compassion took thee by the hand,
 With sympathizing accents, sooth'd thy soul,
 Spread the rich board, and fill'd the generous
 bowl.

Thro' howling wilds, in safety, still you stray'd,
 Where savage beasts roam the Brazilian shade,
 No tiger harm'd thee, and no serpent stung,
 'Mongst woods, as hard as rocks, from whence
 they sprung;

In dark abysses, where no cheering ray
 Had ever found, through rocks and trees, its
 way:

Where, human foot, the ground had never
 press'd,

And nature reign'd, in all her wildness dress'd.

Around Cape Horn, where roar'd the stormy
 wave,

You found the Spaniard,—once undaunted,
 brave,

And fond of glory, as a British tar,
 Now cowardly, tame, and terrified in war:
 A bloodless victory British valour gain'd—
 An easy prize the hostile bark remain'd.

Sunk is Iberia!—all her spirit gone,—
 And fled that courage, which unrival'd shone.
 She mines discover'd, and her freedom lost:
 Her honour, tarnish'd, left his wonted post:
 Dark Superstition bow'd her head low down,
 And made her dread a priest's, or tyrant's frown:
 Her hands in blood of innocence was dy'd;
 And India's groans for retribution cried:
 Her wealth relax'd the sinews of her arm;
 Now, scar'd, she shrinks from every rude alarm:
 Before the British Flag she trembling flies;
 And low in dust before the Gaul she lies.

Hail manly Freedom, Britain's best ally!—
 Your close-knit friendship, let no hand untie:
 Ne'er may the supple sycophantic lies
 Of selfish flattery, make dissention rise:
 On Freedom's step, let Order still attend,
 And Justice, pure, the common weal defend;
 And mild Religion, with celestial dews,
 Refresh the virtues, and calm peace infuse:
 Then lov'd, and loving, British Kings shall reign,
 And British isles be bound in Concord's chain.

When Gallia's sons, whom Popery had kept
 Blind,
 And fill'd, with legends, each enquiring mind;

While Power, despotic, kept its slaves in awe,—
 Its will, capricious, all they knew of law,—
 Saw, in the west, a brilliant light arise,
 The meteor's lustre dazzled their weak eyes;
 They thought the sun of Liberty appear'd,
 And shouts, triumphant, ev'ry dungeon heard:
 A feverish madness throb'd thro' all their veins,
 While on their keepers' heads they broke their
 chains:

Power's crazy fabric crumbled into dust;
 And all was riot, misrule, rage, and lust:
 All natural feeling for a moment fled,
 And raging furies, Kings in triumph led;
 With human gore the scaffolds dreadful stream'd,
 And fiends, hell-prompted, for fresh slaughter
 scream'd.—

While Revolution's wheel, dire, rattling roll'd,
 Vain-glorious fools were eager to lay hold:
 Ascended, now, the highest top of power,
 And groan'd in dust the next succeeding hour.
 While anarchs boasted, England they would
 free,

Here plant their leafless, fruitless, blasted tree.
 The Tree of Liberty in Britain plant!

Oh! weakness, folly, frenzy, madness, rant!

'Midst frosty storms, here Liberty arose—
 With blood 'twas water'd of contending foes:
 Deep in the ground it struck its hardy root;
 And all degrees taste its delicious fruit:

The whirlwind's rage shall never blow it down,
Nor tyrants blast it with a lightning-frown:
The foreign foe that comes, its leaf to wound,
Its flash electric quickly shall confound.

Should such a tree e'er rise in Gallic land—
Wide may it flourish,—ever may it stand!
Why should not Gaul and Britain both be free?
No narrow spirit, harbour finds with me.
Our mutual wants, a mutual aid require:
Extinguish'd, then, be war's destructive fire!
Fair may the olive 'twixt the nations rise!
We all are brethren in our Father's eyes,—

But, Gaul no more a Heavenly Father owns;
This earth-born brood, Omnipotence dethrones;
No hope have they, all kindreds e'er to meet,
Assembled round an awful judgment seat!
No hope have they, when Death their eye-lids
close,
Of ever waking from that dread repose!
Yet, with hot breath, to God, I dare not call
For fire from Heaven, t' exterminate them all,
Their feverish frenzy, deeply I deplore.
And humbly hope the raging fit is o'er.
From dens, and caves, Religion shall come forth,
With grace attractive, and all own her worth:
To dens, and caves, amidst the storm, she fled,—
There hid, from scorn, her unassuming head,
The sacred hymn of Salem soft arose,
In dungeon-glooms, amid night's dark repose:

Soft was it warbled, lest some fiend should hear,
But grateful rose to God's all-list'ning ear.

In desert wilds, Elijah lonely stray'd,
And, tir'd of life, for Death impatient pray'd;
Sick was his soul, and, sorrowing, he bemoan'd,
Like Gaul, his people had their God disown'd.
When in the cave, he heard the dreadful blast
Which shook the earth, as th' Almighty pass'd:
A *still small voice* now reach'd his trembling
ear—

This solemn sound he heard,—*What dost thou
here?*—

The prophet said—"I've very jealous been
"For Thee, my God;—but thy dishonour
"seen;—

"Thy covenant forsaken,—prophets slain,—

"Thine altars levell'd, while Baal's still remain;

"And I, alone, of all thy servants, left,

"The only prophet not of life bereft;

"And now they seek to take my life away,—

"I Ahab shun, who marks me for his prey."—

"Think not," the awful voice of God replied,

"Thy people, all, have me, their God, denied;

"Thousands remain, who have not bow'd the
"knee

"To Baal's grim idol, but still worship me."—

So did his searching, and all-seeing eye,
His secret servants, late, in Gaul espy.

When Reason was, by Blasphemy, enthron'd;
While Reason, outrag'd, at the mockery
groan'd:—

He thousands saw, whose faith still firm
remain'd,

Whose hearts were pure, whose hands no blood
had stain'd.

He heard their sighs, he saw their silent woes,
For dreadful crimes, their strength could not
oppose.

He saw the nation work'd into a storm—

The good and wise all panting for reform:

While headstrong power, and bigotry, oppos'd,

Each mild reform, which Wisdom had propos'd.

Fierce gusts of passion, then, tempestuous blew;

Tumultuous waves the people sudden grew.

This way and that, the bark of state was toss'd;

Its rudder shatter'd, and its cordage lost:—

At last it sunk beneath the boiling tide,

And dreadful wrecks were scatter'd far and wide.

Dire was the roaring, which the whirlwind
rais'd,

While glittering foam upon the billows blaz'd:

The storm-wrought bubbles for a moment shine,

With light disastrous, then dissolve in brine.

That Being, who the wrath of man restrains,

And binds the raging elements in chains,

Tho' gleams, terrific, thro' the darkness glare,

Makes storm and earthquake purify the air.

From dead stagnation, vapours, foul, arise,
 And plagues, unseen, ride in the lurid skies.
 Those dread convulsions, which made man
 aghast,
 As towers * and temples * fell before the blast;
 While noble trees, * whose leafy glory long,
 Their planters' fame had promis'd to prolong,
 Were sent to shivers, with the lightning's flash;
 And earth, astonish'd, trembled at the crash,—
 Permitted were, by Providence, to clear
 Gaul's pestilence-engendering atmosphere.—

There, every vice, which nature can disgrace,
 With ostentation, shew'd its brazen face:
 There, Superstition ply'd her juggling trade;
 And priests were pamper'd, tyranny to aid.—
 Lawn sleeves, and purple infidels adorn'd,
 Who scoff'd at scripture, their Creator scorn'd,
 Loll'd in the lap of luxury supine,
 Nor thought of those, who knew not where to
 dine:

Some meagre wretches, haply, at their gate,
 Were fed with scraps, and forced for these to
 wait,

With hoary locks, rent weeds and trembling knee,
 That all the world their charity might see.

• • • The Nobility, Clergy, and antient Families, who
 were the first to suffer by the Revolution.

Religion was a plant, but little known,
 But Infidelity was fully blown.
 Adult'ry, foul, scarce sought a secret shade,
 Nor seem'd of day's broad garish eye afraid :
 'Twas pleasure, all, Gaul's giddy nobles sought—
 At what a price indulgence they have bought !
 Imbruted, sunk, and blind to all around,
 They saw no danger, tho' Destruction frown'd :
 Their hearts untouch'd by pity's tender tone,
 Their ears close-stopp'd to misery's bitter groan ;
 Till Revolution, like a deluge, rose
 Then Pleasure, shrieking, left them to their foes.

 Their foes, a race which their own vices bred,
 Their bad example, like contagion, spread—
 The very meanest of their servile crew,
 Their infidelity, and lewdness, knew ;
 Their practice copied, talk'd wit second-hand,
 And streams of poison pour'd throughout the
 land.

Blind superstitious dread no longer sway'd ;
 Nay, men grew bold, nor were of God afraid !
 Man and the tyger, now, were brothers grown,
 And life, eternal, totally unknown :
 Ambitious atheists, then, in triumph rode
 O'er headless trunks, which all their way
 bestrew'd :

Madmen and fools arose to public power,
 And glar'd the meteors of the troubled hour.

Religion, Virtue, Science, all dismay'd,
 Bewail'd the crimes, which Anarchy display'd:
 Happy the man who reached the British strand,
 And found asylum in this generous land!
 Yet let not man mistrustful e'er suppose,
 The unwearied eye of Providence can close.

When infant matter, void and shapeless, lay,
 E'er dawning light had shot its first-born ray;
 When solid darkness brooded o'er the deep—
 All elements commix'd, one jarring heap,
 Outrageous boiling, like the surging waves,
 In which whole navies find at once their graves,
 Th' Almighty spoke—their harps the Angels
 strung,

Aud sounds symphonious thro' heaven's concave
 rung:—

His Spirit then, its hovering wings outspread,
 And vital warmth throughout the chaos bred—
 Th' Almighty spoke—each atom sought its place,
 And order smil'd thro' all-created space;
 From airy gloom light burst o'er earth and sea,
 And vegetation work'd thro' herb and tree:
 The deep was peopled—beasts harmonious
 graz'd—

And joyous throats their gentle warblings rais'd,
 Last man arose, with heaven high converse held,
 While pure Devotion in his bosom swell'd.

And shall not HE who spoke th' omnific word,
 Which Discord wild, and gloomy Chaos heard,

Th' uproar fierce of restless men compose,
 Restrain ambition—war's dire gashes close;
 Make Peace extend her olive boughs again,
 And order spring where purple dyed the plain:
 Struck with compunction, man his errors own,
 And pardon beg of heaven's offended throne:
 Confess, how dark he found his dismal way,
 When doubt had led him far from light astray;
 While twilight-reason only served to shew
 The shades of danger which still darker grew.
 When sleep eternal was pronounc'd his doom,
 The lamp of hope extinguish'd in the tomb,
 With giant-strength then Anarchy arose,
 Burst natures ties, and rioted in woes.

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When Christ's disciples were a chosen few,
 Their lives were blameless, and their faith was
 true;

But soon Religion, from a lowly grain,
 Spread wide its boughs, and shaded far the plain:
 Tho' Persecution wore her fiercest forms,
 And howl'd, tremendous, midst her bloody
 storms:

Unhurt, Religion still struck deeper root,
 While clustering graces hung like golden fruit.

The balmy leaves the bleeding nations found,
Of sovereign power, to heal each anguish'd
wound.

The Pagan Priesthood saw, with dire affright,
Their deeds unveil'd by Truth's all-searching
light :

They saw their power fast sinking in decline,
And left, reluctant, every falling shrine :
Each Heathen God a Roman saint became ;—
Their names were chang'd, their worship still
the same.

Antonius* then his friends and home forsook,
And found remote a sweet sequester'd nook,
Where from its fountain gush'd a trembling rill,
Sweet, cool and clear, soft gurgling down the hill;
And palm-trees wild, neglected, waving stood :
His noon-day shelter, and his evening food.
His natural passions to subdue he strove,
Yet sportive fancy still would freely rove.
Midst darkest glooms and wildest solitude,
The thoughts of *Love* on hermits will intrude ;
And pious men may haply oft mistake,
Their vivid dreams, for what they see awake ;
And the soft vision of a lovely fair
Be deem'd a demon tempting to ensnare.

Oh ! gross stupidity ? deem *thee* a crime,
Thou source of bliss in every age and clime !

* The founder of Monastic Institutions.

The naked savage, in the swampy wood,
 Exhausted, hunting his precarious food,
 Returns impatient to his hollow tree,
 Forgets his toils, and solace finds in *thee* :
 Divides his morsel with his tawny bride,
 And sinks secure in slumbers by her side :
 No scaring dreams, or demons him molest,
 Whose head reposes on affection's breast.

Moroseness, pride, and affectation join'd
 With causeless fear, and a bewilder'd mind,
 To shade with mists Religion's heavenly face,
 And paint her hateful to the human race.
 Love and Religion first went hand in hand,
 And earth was peopled by divine command.
 The superstitious, self-denying crew,
 Who from life's joys to cloister'd cells withdrew,
 The thorny path, and painful, tho' they took,
 Religion, Nature, Reason, all forsook.

Look round the world, survey the fruits and
 flowers,

The waving grain, soft breezes, gentle showers,
 The winding vallies, sweet refreshing streams,
 The swelling mountains, bright with golden
 beams ;

The meadows green, the forest's leafy shade,
 And purple clouds, o'er Heaven's wide concav
 spread !

List to the music of the morning lark,
 Or nightingale, sweet warbling in the dark !

Hark ! how on yonder solitary thorn,
 The little white-throat sweetly hails the morn !
 The lowly linnet, 'mongst the golden broom,
 Has power, alone, to chace each monkish gloom.

A life monastic, tho' I may condemn,
 And see, unmov'd, the Gaul fear up its stem;
 On human frailties let me drop a tear,
 And, what was good among the monks, revere.
 Love's fond endearments, tho' the monk ne'er
 felt,
 Nor found his bosom with sweet transports melt,
 As o'er the cradle he, a father, hung,
 Or round his neck the little prattler clung :
 These joys he lost,—joys which my heart has
 known,

Joys ill exchang'd, were it to gain a throne :—
 These joys he lost ; but can ye, will ye dare,
 Your lives, ye libertines, with his compare ?

Behold the wretch, whom thou didst once
 entice

To dalliance soft, now sunk in ev'ry vice !
 How loathsome, pale, and wasted with disease,
 And forc'd to beg, the hunger to appease
 Of thine own offspring, poor neglected child,
 On whom, insensate ! thou hast never smil'd !

Perhaps, with Rousseau, you philosophize,
 And laugh at Nature's most endearing ties :
 Thy money thou hast paid, thy children sent
 To yonder workhouse, and thou art content.

Sweet sentimentalist! pray let us know,
 Since with fine feelings all thy periods glow;
 And thou, to Sympathy, art so awake—
 What reason made thee thine own blood for-
 sake?

“Philanthropy for all alike must feel.”
 And so *thine* offspring yonder turns his wheel,
 'Mongst all the children of the parish poor;
 Nor knows, as yet, the ills he must endure.
 Whilst thou sitt'st snugly in thy house at home,
 Thy houseless child may round the country roam;
 A casual pittance at the door receive,
Thou feelst for all—for him thou canst not grieve!

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18 JA 53



*Mr. BLACK, begs leave to inform his Friends
in Woodbridge, that he intends, whether he
succeed to the Mastership of the Free Gram-
mar School or not, to open School again after
the Christmas Holidays.*

CC AL 21

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